

# AFFAIRS IN IRELAND

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Mount Charles, County Donegal, Ireland, July 16.—The first blow struck by Mr. Redmond in his new campaign has been a crusher—to himself. T. P. O'Connor, it is well known, inspired the policy of contesting English boroughs in which there was a fair Irish vote. Jarroo, a Northern English constituency, has just been contested—and lost. Lost also is the sympathy of the English Labor party. Jarroo was a labor constituency. The Labor party put up for it, against the Liberals, an Irish Labor man and Home-Ruler, Pete Curran, a man much esteemed by English workmen. He naturally expected the support of all Irish workmen in the division. An Irish Nationalist candidate had no chance of winning, but the putting up of one might lose the constituency to the Labor man. Alderman O'Hanlon, of Jarroo, nevertheless, was in a wild-cat enterprise, put up and run by Mr. Redmond. The Labor party, which has been strenuous home-rulers as the Irish party themselves, were highly irritated. Alderman O'Hanlon polled 2,000 and some odd votes, coming at the bottom of the poll. Pete Curran, with 5,000 votes, headed the poll, beating both the Liberal candidate and, by the skin of his teeth, the Conservative. The Labor party is seriously near being estranged from home rule by Mr. Redmond's foolish and impolitic play to the gallery.

After long and persistent effort on the part of the Orange M. P. from Ulster to have convent and monasteries open to government inspection, Mr. Corbett, M. P. for Dublin, in an after-dinner speech at the Mansion House, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada, being the guest of honor, and Lord Strathcona trying to fill the chair. "Speaking with deep emotion," say the newspapers, "Mr. Birrell implored them to do better. In all your dreams of empire, great and glorious as they are, don't leave Ireland out of account. (Cheers.) Your dreams will be somewhat of a sham in their realization if Ireland is not taken into account in your hopes. (Loud applause.) If her sons, with their talent and genius, so eminently fit them for serving the empire, are disregarded, your dream will be incomplete. As my last word, I would say, 'Don't leave Ireland out.' (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Mr. Birrell, too, at this dinner propounded a new and final solution for Ireland's woes. 'It is the establishing of a trans-Atlantic line between Canada and the County Mayo. God help us! And with such statesmen guiding our destinies, people still wonder why Ireland lags.'

A very fine sample of the stuff with which "sympathetic" English statesmen have so long and so successfully cajoled thousands of our simple Irish people was given utterance by our chief secretary, Birrell, in an after-dinner speech at the Mansion House, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada, being the guest of honor, and Lord Strathcona trying to fill the chair. "Speaking with deep emotion," say the newspapers, "Mr. Birrell implored them to do better. In all your dreams of empire, great and glorious as they are, don't leave Ireland out of account. (Cheers.) Your dreams will be somewhat of a sham in their realization if Ireland is not taken into account in your hopes. (Loud applause.) If her sons, with their talent and genius, so eminently fit them for serving the empire, are disregarded, your dream will be incomplete. As my last word, I would say, 'Don't leave Ireland out.' (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Mr. Birrell, too, at this dinner propounded a new and final solution for Ireland's woes. 'It is the establishing of a trans-Atlantic line between Canada and the County Mayo. God help us! And with such statesmen guiding our destinies, people still wonder why Ireland lags.'

The dockers' strike in Belfast is developing interestingly. The carters of Belfast have gone out, in sympathy, and it is threatened that other trades bodies will do likewise. Derry City dockers also threaten to show "practical sympathy" with their brethren in Belfast. This is the first important trades union development in Ireland, or at least the north of Ireland, has known. The strike looks promising, for the men seem gritty and sturdy. One of the strangest and most promising things in connection with it is that it has suddenly widened the outlook of the Orange workmen of Belfast, making them fraternize, as they did not before, with their Catholic brethren. For the first time in a hundred years, British troops (who were wont to receive abject worship) were, the other day, hissed and stoned in the streets of most loyal Belfast. Truly, these be strange times.

A London correspondent of an Irish paper says that the estate of Butler's Court at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, famous as the residence of Edmund Burke, will be offered for sale this month. The estate was bought by the great statesman from the Waller family, one of whose noted members, the poet of that name, is like Burke himself, buried in the picturesque churchyard at Beaconsfield. The estate, which consists of about 300 acres, will to some extent sink its interesting associations, as it is to be split up into building plots. At present the estate is the property of Lord Grenfell, commander of the forces in Ireland.

I suppose the memory of Allen, Lar-kin, and O'Brien, "the Manchester Martyrs," will live as long as does Irish patriotism. Mgr. Gadd, Vicar-General of Salford, who attended the three men on the scaffold, died the other day, and is believed to have carried with him to the grave a secret pertaining to the death of O'Brien. Mgr. Gadd jumped into the pit after the bolt had been opened and the ropes cut. It was freely stated at the time that he noticed signs of life in the body of Michael O'Brien, and that he had jumped in to assure himself of this. Whatever the cause, Father Gadd, as he then was, leaned over the body for some time, and from the moment he came out of the pit until his dying day declined to say what he had observed or what had happened. When urged again and again to say if O'Brien were dead when cut down, Mgr. Gadd merely replied, "What happened is known to God. I did my duty as a priest."


In the village of Dundrum, County Dublin, there awaits development at present the groundwork of a lucrative Irish industry, known as the Dun Emer Guild, Ltd., and its manufactures consist of weaving, bookbinding, and enameling. It is just four and a half years since a beneficent Irish lady, Miss Evelyn Gleeson, giving practical effect to her sympathy with Irish industry, spent a large sum in installing in Dundrum a weaving plant, and in establishing a bookbinding and enameling industry. A number of young girls were initiated into carpet-weaving and tapestry work, and afterward secured international honors. After the firm carried off a silver medal at Milan International Exhibition for a piece of carpet woven in

Irish wool, from a design adapted from a plate in the Book of Kells, a good deal of attention was directed toward the modest handloom in Dundrum. The society makes it a matter to manufacture material that might be suitable for church and altar purposes. The tapestry work is carried on under the superintendence of Miss May Kerley—an exceedingly clever Dundalk lady—who for a considerable time was engaged by the Congested Districts Board in connection with the now derelict carpet-weaving industries of the Southwest of Ireland.

Ireland, famous in far-off times for its woods, is now one of the baldest of countries. Great efforts are being made, in recent years, to have the country re-forested. A tree-planting week, Seachtain na gCraobh, has been instituted by the Gaelic League and kindred organizations; and it is hoped that our people will gradually get the tree-planting habit. Forests in Ireland would mean much to Irish climate, Irish soil, and Irish finances as well. The Very Rev. Father Paul, O. S. F. C., in the Father Mathew Hall this week, lectured on the possibilities of the Irish timber industry. Were it taken up in proper fashion by the people, it might, he said, give employment to 20,000. There were now 2,000,000 acres in Ireland making absolutely no return, and he compared this with other countries where similar land was under trees. If tree-planting in Ireland were judiciously taken up, \$5 a week might be earned by some 20,000 persons for several years. After fifteen years a return of about \$100 an acre would be yielded. About \$15,000,000 would plant all the waste lands of Ireland. A moderate degree of forestry would promote both agriculture and manufactures, and would have a most valuable effect on the climate.

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For some time past it has been on our mind to give the trusts of this country a bitter arraignment by means of a red hot editorial in this column and we now take our pen in hand to do so.

For the benefit of our more ignorant readers who don't know what a trust is we will explain. When several men gets together, for instance, and buys up all the hogs there be in the country and then hoists up the price of spare-ribs and sawdust to such an extent that the common people have to pay several times what its worth for it or go without, this is called a trust. Most all trusts are hog trusts for that matter because a trust allies acts the hog when it gets half a chance.

Trusts is more common in this country than they was several years ago. We can remember when there was no such a thing as a trust in our midst, but that time is now only a sacred memory. Take the Standard Oil Trust which John Rockefeller got up for instance. John has a corner on about all the lamp oil in the world. If we can believe what we hear, and charges for it whatever he pleased please per gal. Even Hen Weatherly, prop. of our general and only store has to buy his kerosene of John. We don't know what Hen has to pay wholesale for his oil being as that ain't none of our business, but we know what we have to pay Hen for it (23 cts per gal) which is some of our business. What is the result? The people of Bingville and vicinity is paying about twice as much for lamp oil as the trust is worth. By the time John and Hen get their profits lamp oil becomes almost a luxury as you might say and consequently it is cheaper to burn taller candles than to burn lamp oil. Only the rich can afford to burn lamp oil, as it were. Taller candles don't give quite as much light as lamp oil does, but they give a alfred sight more light for the money. Hen could sell more lamp oil if it wasn't for the oil trust. Hen might probably sell a barrel of lamp oil in a year if the price was within reach of all, but as it is he has had a barrel on hand for three years and it's half full as yet.

We are not afeard to come right out and denounce trusts in this manner. It has always been the policy of the Bugle regulars for our mail. Of course if we should get such a proposition we would consider it conscientiously.

What do we care if this editorial does injure the business of the trusts in this country? We reply "Nothing!" On the contrary we hope it will injure them. We hope that when the big trust magnates read these lines they will wringe in their boots and that their consciences will pain them so that they will resolve

## FRENCHMEN AT GOLF.

Some Idiosyncrasies They Have Introduced Into the Game.  
The golfing Frenchman was once a very rare bird; to-day the species is quite common courses are springing up all over France, not merely in the places frequented by the English and Americans, but in industrial centers, such as Bordeaux and Lille, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

Parisian golf was really born at Maison Laiffite, where is a race course with a colony of Britons, there it migrated to Levallois. The French consider a place that respects itself has a golf course nowadays. It is held to be the surest way of attracting the Anglo-Saxon. One wonders, in fact, what middle-aged masculinity did with itself before golf was successfully implanted in England. Cycling is deadly monotonous as an exercise, since there are geographical reasons why you cannot "coast" forever, and motorizing had hardly been invented. How did man kill time when he was not working?

The Frenchman in pre-golf days had and has other relaxations. He is fond of promenading with his women folk, especially if they are good-looking; he will dance attendance for hours, and has been known even to take to shopping, whereas no Englishman of middle life with an inclination to baldness would ever dare to confess that he found relaxation from office cares in watching his wife buy chiffons.

The Frenchman has brought some of his idiosyncrasies into the game, of course. He cannot entirely separate himself from the fair sex during the two hours that it takes him to do his eighteen holes, and so you see him in immaculate costume with beautiful stockings and marvelously striped knickerbockers—surrounded by a little bevy of ladies, who are happily unconscious that he is playing a shocking game, and fozzling his drive every time. To those sweet creatures in summer white and hats like a flower garden all these things are fearful mysteries—almost beyond the comprehension of any one but a very plain woman who is a suffragette. All they know is that Henri is looking very "chic" and distinguished and "tres Anglais." This latter comment is added because since the waiters have grown mustaches Henri has realized the ambition of his life and chopped his off.

Yes, when you see a paragon on the green be sure a Frenchman is near.

## HERE IS REFORMER'S PICTURE

Youthful Editor Publishes List of "Sunday Drunks."

From Nebo, Ill., He Sends Photograph in Response to an Editorial in The Washington Herald.

The following editorial appeared in The Washington Herald July 18, under the heading:



Mr. R. T. Dismore. He describes himself as "The Willard and Loomis Editor of the Nebo (Ill.) Banner."

Here is the photograph which The Washington Herald did not expect to receive when it published the editorial referred to, which it is nevertheless very glad indeed to present to its readers.

The caption "A New Journalistic Reform."

This is indeed the day of the newspaper. From the wedding of battle ship fleets to the Pacific to the selection of the most beautiful woman in each

city, there is no field of endeavor in which the hand of the up-to-date editor-to say nothing of his business manager—is not in evidence. Newspapers which are constantly on the lookout for new worlds to conquer and new abuses to reform are the ones which keep at the head of the procession. Of course, and because of this, we here and now predict that whatever competitors may exist in the territory of the Nebo (Ill.) Banner will soon be hanging around the bankruptcy courts. Thus the Banner, in a recent issue:

"A new feature that is instructive as well as entertaining is to be added to the Banner. A list of names, under the head 'Sunday Drunks,' will be published. We are going to give fair warning, and in the issue of the Banner on July 19 you can look over the list, no one excluded."

We do not understand why some of the metropolitan papers which are eternally on the lookout for something novel should not have left upon this scheme long ago. Think how much attention this new department in the Nebo Banner will attract! Just fancy the scene in Nebo to-morrow, when the Banner's salubrious press begins to read off the editor for the day! There may be more popular men in Nebo than the Banner's editor, but certainly there will be none more sought after. The new department is obviously intended to lessen the evils of intemperance, and perhaps it will. We do not feel qualified to express an opinion on that point. But we do venture the opinion that the Banner editor will be the Mecca of a large portion of Nebo's population to-morrow, and this will be desirable, of course. If there is anything in the theory of merchants that it is only necessary to get people into a store to induce them to do business.

We trust that the Banner's editor will be able to bear up under the compliments—and, perhaps, some other things—which will be showered on him. If he will at once mail us one of his photographs we will gladly publish it, as showing how him appeared before he entered upon the strenuous life of the newspaper reformer. Our readers may imagine for themselves how he will look after to-morrow.

Last week the following self-explanatory communication was received:

Nebo, Ill., July 21, 1907.  
Editor The Washington Herald:

Inclosed find photograph referred to in issue of Herald of 18th instant, under heading, "A New Journalistic Reform." I have survived the outcome so far.

Am twenty-one years old, eleven years in newspaper harness, five years in present place, and will try and keep up the Banner's record.  
Send marked copies. Respectfully,  
R. T. DISMORE,  
Owner, Editor, and Publisher the Nebo Banner.

REFORMERS.  
Amen reformers and their kind.  
A canny one is he  
Who has a motto for the world  
And sends it C. O. D.

—Puck.

## WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

WHAT SHE HEARS AND SEES.

To lawmakers of Texas,  
So fearless, wise, and strong,  
Who have decreed that sheets must be  
No less than nine feet long.

Why have you stopped as if there were  
No more for you to do?  
Why have you shirked the other job  
That still is up to you?

Think how the husbands of the land  
Would all applaud the stunt,  
If you'd decree that shirt waists must  
Be buttoned up in front!

A young physician here in town has been explaining to me his theory of that curious lack of presence of mind which makes a steamer's captain run his vessel into an avoidable collision, or makes any other man give the wrong command in an emergency. He believes, the young physician does, that it's unjust to say such a man has lost his head. What he has lost is control of the word center in his brain, and he is the victim of a sudden attack of aphasia—I trust I'm not going too far wrong in my scientific terminology.

"It is not uncommon to find a patient who mixes the wrong word when he has a nervous headache," says the physician. "I have one woman patient, a musician, who for a week was unable to read a note of music. Speech was the last faculty mankind developed, and we don't understand the mechanism of it perfectly yet. It's commonly observed that a man suddenly frightened will give an inarticulate yell or will be stricken dumb. I believe that other men get what one may call word-fog. I remember sailing in a yacht race once, and we rammed another boat because the skipper ordered 'port' when 'starboard' was the proper order. He insisted he said 'starboard,' but I heard him, and I know he didn't. He meant to say it, he thought it, but his brain wires were

crossed, owing to a sudden shock, and the word came out 'port.' I believe that happens more often than is generally believed. I'm confident that many an accident at sea happens because the skipper's brain wires don't transmit his message as he stands it, and not because he doesn't know and think the right thing to do."

"Women are queer, aren't they?" said the young husband, with an air of announcing an original discovery. "There's my wife, now. She hates to mend things—just naturally loathes it—and half the time I can't find a sock that hasn't a hole in it. If I mention it to her, she's all in a confusion, and declares she'll put in all day to-morrow mending. Then she forgets. But I've studied out a plan to keep my socks in repair. I go into her room and I say:

"Where's the waste basket?"  
"Of course, she always asks what I want of the waste basket before she tells me where it is."

"Oh, I say, these socks are worn out, and I want to throw them away."  
Does she point me to the waste basket? Not she. She says:

"Let me look at them."  
"I hand them over and she examines them."  
"Why, these socks need only a little mending," she says. "The idea of throwing them away just because there's a little hole in the heel! Never knew such an extravagant man!"  
And then she flies to work to mend them. They might be in the drawer for weeks and she'd overlook them, but just let me threaten to throw them away and she's Mamma on the job with a needle before you can blink. Funny things, women, aren't they?"

They have a brutal way about them in New York that makes gentle Washington blood run cold. Just the other day I picked up a New York paper and glanced at the advertisements. One of the hospitals desired to employ "manglers and body ironers." It does seem to me that they might have put it more delicately. The last line advised me that the manglers and body ironers were wanted in the laundry, but that was the merest subterfuge. If I have to go to a hospital, I'll steer clear of New York. I might think of a mangler without shuddering, but I couldn't rest for a moment with a body ironer on the place.

"It's odd how the friendships of our youth grow more intimate in this retrospect, isn't it?" says a middle-aged woman. "When I recall the young people I knew twenty years ago, I think of them all by their first names. They all seem to have been chums of mine. Just yesterday a man I hadn't seen for fifteen years came to see me, and we talked about the little town in Ohio where we went to school at the academy. We talked of Jennie This and Joe That, and I called him Jim and he called me Sue. We enjoyed the afternoon immensely. After he had gone I got out a box of old letters. Two or three were notes from him, and they began 'Dear Miss Blank.' We were very formal, all of us, at the academy. It was always 'Mr. and Miss.' Yesterday was the first time I ever called him Jim. We think we used to be great friends. I'm not sure he doesn't fancy he was once rather in love with me, but we were simply classmates. I didn't know how old I'm getting till I realized how we'd enjoyed our talk. I should have frozen him if he'd called me Sue fifteen years ago, but now it seems mighty nice to have anybody call me by my first name."

"He went about with May a good deal at the Springs," said the woman with the chop-suey sundae, "but he didn't tell me much about her. He's very laconic."  
The woman with the Nesselrode pudding shook her head.  
"That's the worst kind," she said with conviction. "May's husband ought to a went with her. I knew a case like that once, and they finally eloped. I never did believe in these laconic friendships."

"I'm not disputing that virtue is its own reward," says a Colorado man, who was here last week. "Everybody knows that it is. A man ought to be content with the approval of his conscience, and not care if the other fellow did make the money. I've been trying to convince myself of that for several years, but every now and then I fall off my pedestal and my halo chafes my head. I was new to Colorado when I got here. Cripple Creek boom, and I got the fever like everybody else. Three friends of mine and myself went into the mining business. We didn't get up a company and sell a billion or so shares. No siree. We went home, we got a few shares of a mining claim, and began to dig. We went in about 200 feet in the side of a hill. A perfectly unscrupulous gang owned the claim next to us. They got out a prospect and advertised and sold stock, and made no end of money before they began to dig at all. We were about such things. All we wanted was an honest ten or twenty millions in metal. As I said, we went 200 feet, and came up against a wall of granite, and that ended the thing. All we got for our money and our trouble was a hole 20 feet long. The gang next us went in seventy-five feet and struck a fissure vein. They actually made good every thing they'd promised in their advertisement. It was just a case of a wildcat mine really getting its claws into the gold. The stock wasn't worth the paper it was printed on when they began—but what's the use of talking? They made money. All we got was a hole and then out of their mine. We didn't make a cent. Anyway, we didn't try to deceive anybody."

**Bicycle Coffee Grinder.**  
Dedham Correspondent.  
The old adage that "The head should save the heels" has been transformed by the Mahern brothers, Frank and Fred, employed at a Dedham grocery, so that the legs are made to save the arms, and that in a most unique manner.

It is a method of running a coffee mill by leg power on a bicycle instead of by arm power. One of the disagreeable features of the grocery business has been the arm method of grinding coffee. Now this is just where the quick wit of Frank Mahern came in. A devotee of the wheel, and knowing that a bicycle wheel and a belt put on, running from the wheel to the belt wheel on the coffee mill, The arrangement was then complete, and when the coffee to be ground it is thrown into the grinder, the bicycle wheel and the rider takes a practice spin, and at the same time grinds the coffee.

in their little shrunk-up hearts to reform and lead better lives. We believe in free speech, free press and free lunch, but we don't believe in free advertising, nor free sample copies of our trusts. Let the trusts beware of us!

**Locals**  
Hex Andrews, while cutting hay with a scythe in his hayfield back of his house to-day, accidentally almost stepped on a blacksnake seven feet long. This so unnerved Hex that he dropped the scythe and made for home and is so weak in the legs that he ain't been able to cut any hay since.

Hen Weatherly, prop. of our general store, says that trade is very dull with him at present. But Hen says he don't care much being as he likes to take it easy during the hot summer weather and don't like to be annoyed by having to wait on customers. When a person goes into the store to purchase anything they usually find Hen asleep on some pile of muslin on the counter. Hen says if folks don't stop waking him up he's going to lock the door on 'em.

Our correspondent from Calamity Corners who signs himself "Pro Bono Publico" in the Bugle paid a lengthy call last Tuesday. "Pro Bono" says that everything at the Corners is in statu quo, as you might say.

Jed Peters, our intelligent school teacher who taught the village school last winter, is at present studying up to take the teachers' examination at the Co. seat next month and if he passes successful there is no doubt Jed will be re-elected to teach again the coming term. Jed is a good writer and reader and spellier and he ain't so slow at figures either.

Hoke Smiley is thinking some of having lightning rods put onto his barn to avoid having it struck by lightning during thunder showers. Hoke says it's the thunder that scares him and not the lightning.

Subscribe for the Bugle-It is good to read, good to advertise in, fine to lay on cupboard shelves or put under carpet, useful to wrap up things in, or to build fires with. Subscribe at once!

**Personals**  
The weather in Bingville at present is very hot and business is almost at a standstill, as you might say, especially in the heat of the day. Day before yesterday we walked down to the P. O. about noon and the only person we met was a bound dog.  
You may know it's terrible hot weather when Letitia Jones of Sorrow Hollow started for Bingville last Saturday with 11 lbs. of butter in a basket to exchange for groceries at Hen Weatherly's store, and that when she arrived at the store the butter had all melted and run out the basket and had likely trickled along the road all the way from Sorrow Hollow. Letitia returned home disgraced. The Bingville church still leaks something awful in one spot right over the Amen corner. Last Sunday it rained during services and Deacon Butterworth, who was asleep, got so wet before he got to the church that he had to go home and change his clothing, thus missing the latter portion of the sermon as well as the first portion.  
Brad Hinsley's brood mare was seized with the colic the other night and went and got Doc Silvermore and told him that Alvira was sick and Doc he hurried home with Brad and was surprised to find the mare sick instead of Brad's wife. Doc never knewed that the mare's name was Alvira.  
Archie Tucker has took off his boots and is going in his bare feet. This may be comfortable, but how does it look for a grown up man to go around in his bare feet?  
Mrs. Bill Hepburn, wife of our talented and artistic blacksmith, gave birth to a bouncing baby boy last week and a nounces that she is going to raise him on the bottle. Editor Weatherly says he do not think this is a good plan, Bill Hepburn, himself, was raised largely on the bottle and look at him! Bill ain't missed going to the Co. seat and coming home full every Saturday for the past fifteen years as regular as Saturday comes around—unless it was because of circumstances not under his control. If we was Mrs. Hepburn we wouldn't raise that child on the bottle. The chance is it will take to the bottle soon as it gets old enough without being taught. It will probably come by its appetite for a bottle honestly.

## Country Correspondence

**SLAB CITY.**  
Mrs. Jennie Peppers of Hickory Corners spent two days last week visiting Mr. Phoebe Hinds of this place. Jennie woman of remained longer, but the two women had a falling out about something, and Jennie went home much to her own disgust and to Phoebe's relief. Jasper Threlkell had his hay all cut two weeks ago, but owing to so much wet weather it ain't dried out yet and still lies in the field. Jasp says if the sun don't shine out pretty soon he calculates the hay will rot and be useless.  
Archie Wilkins killed a beef-critter last week and peddled it out from house to house. It is quite a luxury to get beef in the summer time.  
Hester Jones was widdered some years ago had had some new clothes made and it is rumored she will be married soon. We don't blame her. It is no idle joke being a widder.  
Jabe Homans who lives near here arrived home late to-day and he says he thought was a cat on the front plazer kicked it off, but it wasn't a cat—it was a skunk and since then Jabe and his folks can't scarcely live in their house. —VOX POPULI.

**HAPPY VALLEY.**  
One of Hame Wilson's yoke of oxen broke into his orchard last week and ate green apples until it foundered and nearly died. Hame says this ought to teach that ox a lesson to pause in eating green apples when it has had enough.  
Benj. Gibbs ground his axe last week. Benj. says it has needed grinding for the past two years but he has been so busy with work he couldn't find time before to do it before.  
Miss Mary Ann Green, the bell of Happy Valley, came out last Sunday in a new lawn dress that became her very much, exciting the admiration of all our young men. Fine feathers make fine birds. —EXCELSIOR.

**LAND'S END.**  
Bill Henshaw swapped horses with Sam Wilkins last week. Both men claim they were cheated.  
Rufe Atkins has been offered a lucrative position at Hardscrabble as assistant in a livery stable there at \$3. per week. Rufe has not decided whether he will accept it or not before he goes.

Mrs. Hen Jordan while making soft soap last week had the kettle to upset spilling all the soap on the ground. Shortly afterward it rained and the yard was full of soap.  
News items are very scarce in our midst at present. We hope to have more to send in by next week. —LUCIFER.

## Hod Digging His Well

Hod Slocumb has resumed digging his well again after a lapse of a year. Hod left off work on it about a year ago this month and owing to other important work has not touched it since. It has been five years since Hod began to dig this well and a person would nacherly think Hod would have it finished by this time. But then as we are acquainted with Hod knows that he allus takes his time on his place terrible bad but that's no reason why he's going to hurry and sweat himself all up and not half do the job. He says he has got along so far by carrying water from his neighbors and as a result Hign has contracted what is probably the worst cold he ever had in his life. He is all stopped up in his head and can't taste anything nor hear much (he can't hear very well when he ain't got a cold below as he is some deaf) and as a result Hign has contracted what is probably the worst cold he ever had in his life. He is all stopped up in his head and can't taste anything nor hear much (he can't hear very well when he ain't got a cold below as he is some deaf) and as a result Hign has contracted what is probably the worst cold he ever had in his life. He is all stopped up in his head and can't taste anything nor hear much (he can't hear very well when he ain't got a cold below as he is some deaf) and as a result Hign has contracted what is probably the worst cold he ever had in his life.

## Profit by Hen's Experience

Hen Billings went and had his whiskers shaved off and his hair cut by Harve Hines, our tonsorial artist last week and as a result Hign has contracted what is probably the worst cold he ever had in his life. He is all stopped up in his head and can't taste anything nor hear much (he can't hear very well when he ain't got a cold below as he is some deaf) and as a result Hign has contracted what is probably the worst cold he ever had in his life. He is all stopped up in his head and can't taste anything nor hear much (he can't hear very well when he ain't got a cold below as he is some deaf) and as a result Hign has contracted what is probably the worst cold he ever had in his life.

## Ben Hot Under Collar

Ben Wade of Snake Bend called at the Bugle office recently to inquire why last week's Bugle did not reach him. Ben was purty hot under the collar and talked in a loud tone of voice that all the neighbors heard and said that when he subscribed for a paper he expected to receive it regular, or words to that effect. We told Ben that we did not know the reason why his Bugle didn't reach him unless it was lost somewhere in transmission. We tried to impress on him that after we had folded and put a wrapper on his Bugle and then wrote his name on the wrapper in a plain hand we had did our duty and angels could do no more and if his Bugle failed to reach him after that then it wasn't our fault. We also told Ben that we didn't know the reason why since he has been a regular subscriber for the Bugle for the past 11 years he had never paid us a red cent either and he went away threatening to stop his paper. Very well, let him stop it. If he does we may have something further to say about his past in later copies of the Bugle.

## Ranse Got Stuck Up

Hen Weatherly, our popular storekeeper got out his stock of fly-paper last week and dusted it off for the summer trade. He left a sheet laying on a chair and about noon when it got thawed out nicely Ranse Hillyer came into the store and like a blinded fool set right down on it. Ranse never does look where he sets and it would be better if he did. Ranse got some of the fly-paper off, but the most of it is sticking to his pants as yet. Hen wanted to charge Ranse for the sheet. He told Ranse that the regular price of the fly-paper was 10 cts. per sheet but being as it was him he would let him have it for 5 cts. Ranse said he already had the fly-paper and didn't want it and he'd be goshed to hemlock if he'd pay for it either. Hen ought to be more careful where he leaves fly-paper laying around.

## Trapped Up by a Cow

Wat Osgood had a curious experience last week. Wat has four cows which he milks regular twice a day. Well, the other ev'g. Wat went out to milk and he had milked three of the cows leaving old Brindle until the last being as she is such an ornery critter and usually kicks the bucket over. While Wat was milking her she histed and come down with her foot right on Wat's foot and kept it there and him holding on yelling for help as loud as he could holler and pounding her with his fists and trying to push her off him, but Wat says she merely stood there with almost superhuman intelligence as it were, on his foot peacefully chewing her cud and switching off the flies. As old Brindle weighs probably 900 lbs. Wat's feelings can better be imagined than described. After he had stood on his foot for two or three minutes she got off and Wat limped to the house. He now says he is going to sell that cow and if he can't do that he will give her away.

## Dull in Doc's Line

Doc Livermore, our human specialist & horse doctor, says there is not as much sickness in our midst at present as he could wish for but that he hopes that business will pick up here in the near future. Doc says that heretofore during very hot weather there has usually been several cases in and about Bingville of prominent citizens and others being overcome by the heat which has give him considerable to do, but that this year is an exception. Doc's editorial memory serves us correctly we don't seem to have any recollection of Bingville folks being overcome with the heat in the past—It must be of been something else that Doc referred to. Shads is too much in demand and Bingville folks for them ever be overcome by the heat. Sunstroke in Bingville is almost as scarce as hydrophobia.

ANY PERSON READING ANY OF THE NEWS KINDLY BRING THEM IN TO US 4 CENTS

## Calf Lost

Hiram Woodruff has a cow to come in fresh on him last week and now the blamed cow has went and hid her calf away and Hiram can't find it anywhere and he is accordingly a good deal worried up over the occurrence. The cow is turned loose in a large tract of timbered land and where she is a mystery to 'fod although the cow has come to the barn once or twice and Hod has tried to follow her back to her calf but she is too smart for him. Hod says it is a awful calamity to have a fresh cow and then have a calf concealed somewhere to take all the milk and then have to go and find come across this calf kindly let Hiram know of its whereabouts and the finder will be liberally thanked.

## DON'T GO AND GET ALL BIT

Up by muskeeters, and flies and nats and bugs of various kinds. What's the use of letting all kinds of insects into your house when you can keep them out just as well as not?

I NOW HAVE A LOT OF WINDER SCREENS ON DISPLAY

These winder screens is all first class goods which I ordered two years ago and didn't have no call for and which has been in the attic of my store all winter.

## But I got them out tother day and dusted them off

And now I offer them to the public who is being awful bit up by muskeeters & others which is thicker than hops in a hop patch.

## A Muskeeter is a powerful ornery Critter